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CODE 6 COMICS
R.A. SALVATORE'S
DEMONWARS
TRIAL BY FIRE
R.WAGNER
CÆSAR
R.A. Salvatore
Scott Ciencin
Ron Wagner
Caesar Rodriguez

FROM R.A. SALVATORE

The more I see of the upcoming *DEMONWARS* comic series, the more I'm coming to believe that more than simple luck intervened in putting me together with CrossGen. Maybe it was the ghost of my Dad, who I know has been looking over my shoulder for 17 years now...

I don't know.

Let me start at the beginning. I grew up as a writer in shared worlds. *The Forgotten Realms*, Ed Greenwood's remarkable creation, gave me a platform on which to set my stories, and more than that, gave me the opportunity to share ideas and bounce creativity off of some of the most talented people in the fantasy genre. I love writing *Forgotten Realms*, and hope to do so for a hundred years!

There's something special about shared fantasy worlds. With all due respect to some of the great world-builders, people like Tolkien, Jordan, Martin, Brooks, Eddings, Feist, and Goodkind, a "shared" fantasy world offers a slightly different type of enjoyment to the readers. If you're a *Forgotten Realms* fan, you don't have to wait a year, even two or three, for the next installment from the single creator, be it game product or novel. Shared worlds give the reader a continual escape from the mundane.

As I said, I love the *Realms*, and consider Ed Greenwood one of my heroes... but, when DelRey offered me the chance to go and build my own fantasy world, from the ground up, I jumped like the proverbial hunting cat. *DEMONWARS* is the story I've always wanted to tell, and Corona is the world I've always wanted to build. From the gemstone magic to the religious and social structures to the myriad of characters, Corona has given me a home of my own.

And from the beginning, I hoped that I could spread the world out to serve as a home for others; not just readers, but creative artists, as well. First on board was CrossGen, and there could not be a better partnership. Scott Ciencin's storytelling throughout these issues is nothing short of wonderful. Watching him create new stories with new characters (and one "young" favorite from the seven-book novel series) gives me a thrill I cannot describe. Viewing the magnificent artwork of Ron Wagner and Caesar Rodriguez makes me feel as if this world I created is truly coming to life. Ron even got the elven sword dance right!

I can't wait to watch this world grow through the comic series, the planned d20 game system and all the possibilities beyond. I intend to be there every step of the way as *DEMONWARS* expands — consulting, offering advice, and most of all, sitting back and listening to the wonderful stories and adventures these talented folks will bring to my home.

~R.A. Salvatore

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oduced in any form without the express written consent of Code 6 Comics. PRINTED IN CANADA.

...TASTE STEEL FORGED IN HATE OF YOUR KIND.
COME AND BE DAMNED BY THE WILL OF DANE THORSSON!

IDIOT!

CALL UPON A *THOUSAND* OF YOUR *GODS* FOR ALL THE GOOD IT'LL DO YE!

ON THIS DAY...

...THE *POWRIES* OF BEN-SE-LA DIP THEIR CAPS IN YOUR *BLOOD!*

CAPTAIN, WE'RE *OVERRUN!* OUR ONLY ESCAPE IS THE *SEA!*

NEVER.

I'LL LOOK *DEATH* IN THE EYE AND GO TO THE AFTERLIFE IN *HONOR*...

"...BECAUSE IT WOULD TAKE ONE SENT BY THE GODS TO SAVE US NOW!"
WHERE DID THIS ONE COME FROM?
GAAAH!
NH
HE'LL KILL US ALL!

COWARDS! BORROK NEENOCH COMMANDS YOU...
KILL HIM!
AYE, KILL HIM DEAD AND TWICE FOR ME!
BE THANKFUL YOU'RE LOYAL, GREMPH.
IT'S THE ONLY USEFULNESS YOU HAVE.
I'M USEFUL?
THANKEE, SIR! THANKEE MOST KINDLY!
YOU'RE MORE USEFUL WHEN YOU'RE QUIET, GREMPH.
NOW...
...WILL SOMEONE PLEASE KILL THAT UGLY THING?

"BORROK NEENOCH, MY LEADER. THE WAY THAT ONE FIGHTS...
"...IT IS THE BI'NELLE DASADA...
"...THE ELVEN SWORD DANCE."
"AYE, GREMPH, AND HIS SWORD...
"...THAT'S SILVEREL, AN ELVEN BLADE."
BY THOSE WHO LIE BELOW...
STRATEGIC WITHDRAWAL!
RUN AWAY!

BUT OUR SHIP-
THEY'D HAVE ALL OUR HEADS BEFORE THE FIRST OF US MADE IT DOWN THE HATCH.
SWIM FASTER!
VICTORY!
WELL MET, STRANGER!
MAKE WAY, LADS.
WE OWE YOU A DEBT WE CAN NEVER REPAY. THOSE THIEVING POWRIES WOULD'VE TAKEN OUR GOLD AND SLAUGHTERED US TO A MAN.
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM, ANYWAY? DID THE GODS SEND YOU?
HARDLY.
I WAS ON THE SHORE. THE MIST CLEARED AND I SAW YOU WERE IN TROUBLE.
I SWAM TO MEET YOU.

WARRIOR, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
I'M ANDACANAVAR. THE RANGER.
DEMON.
YOU'RE...WELCOME... TO TRAVEL WITH US TO HRUNGNIR...
...IF YOU WISH.
AYE. I'LL DO THAT.
MY THANKS.

DEAD! I'LL SEE THEM DEAD! ALL DEAD!
OR MAYBE I CAN FIND SOMETHING VALUABLE TO THEM, AND TAKE IT...
...AND THEIR RICHES, ALL THEIR RICHES, WILL BE THE RANSOM...

...THEN WE'LL FIND THEIR HOUSES AND BURN 'EM ALL!
PAY ATTENTION, RUNT!

RIGHT. PLUNDER AND REVENGE.
THAT'S THE WAY TO GO. I MEAN, THEY STARTED IT, AFTER ALL, NOW DIDN'T THEY?

BORROK NEENOCH HEARS YOU, GRAVE MUNGO. JUST TAKE CARE OF WHAT YOU SCAVENGED FROM THE DEAD.
AND WATCH YOURSELF.

Ah, SIR...WHAT'S HE SUPPOSED TO WATCH HIMSELF DOING?
WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE DROWNED, GREMPH?

"WATCH MYSELF."
EVEN THE DEAD MUST HAVE IT BETTER THAN THIS.

I CAN HEAL YOU
STAY YOUR HAND MOIRA

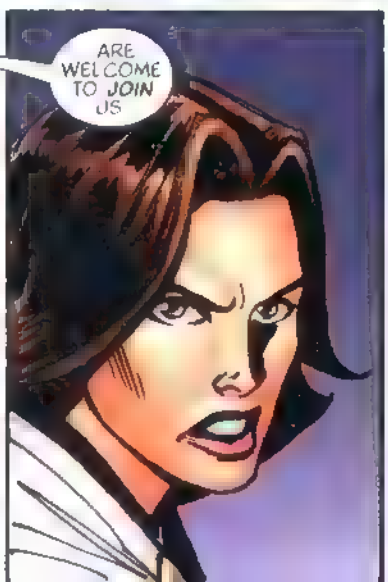
I AM ABBOT GREENE, AND WE OF THE ABELLICAN FAITH HAVE TRAVELED FAR TO SHOW YOU WONDERS.
LOOK UPON THE MAGICAL GEMSTONES OUR ORDER HAS THE SACRED DUTY TO PROTECT
AMONG THEM ARE STONES WITH THE POWER TO HEAL EVEN THE MOST TERRIBLE WOUNDS.
BUT THIS POWER WON'T BE USED ON UNBELIEVERS. IF YOU WISH TO BE HEALED
YOU MUST RENOUNCE YOUR PRIMITIVE GODS AND GIVE YOURSELF TO OUR FAITH
OTHERWISE
HONESTLY, I DOUBT MANY OF YOU WILL SURVIVE
LYING WITCH!
DON'T TOUCH ME! I WON'T BECOME A DEMON! YOU WON'T HAVE MY SOUL!
BUT-
YOU ARE THE HERETICS! THE GOD YOU WORSHIP IS A LIE!
THOSE STONES
ALL MAGIC IS EVIL WE'D RATHER SUFFER AND DIE THAN RISK OUR SOULS!

ABBOT WE MUST TEACH THEM THEY MUST KNOW THAT MAGIC ISN'T GOOD OR EVIL IT'S THE HAND WIELDING IT THAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE
AND THAT THE HEALING STONES DON'T TAKE YOUR SOUL THAT'S JUST A TALE
ENOUGH

IT'S TIME FOR THOSE TRUE TO THE FAITH TO ADJOURN FOR SERVICES

AS FOR THE REST OF YOU IT'S WARM AND SAFE WITHIN
ANY WHO CHANGE THEIR MINDS

AND FEEL STRONG ENOUGH TO CRAWL TO THE DOOR

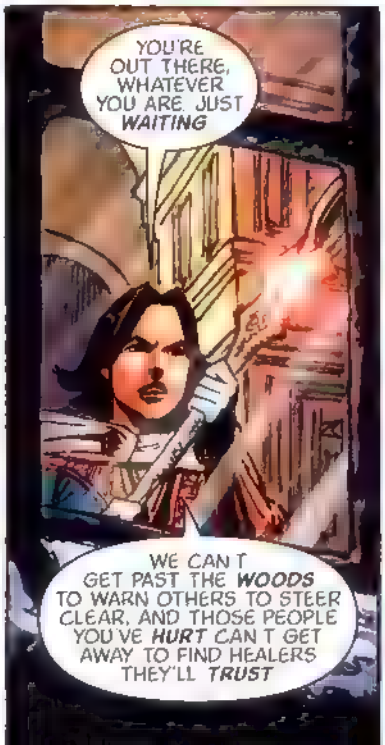

ARE WELCOME TO JOIN US

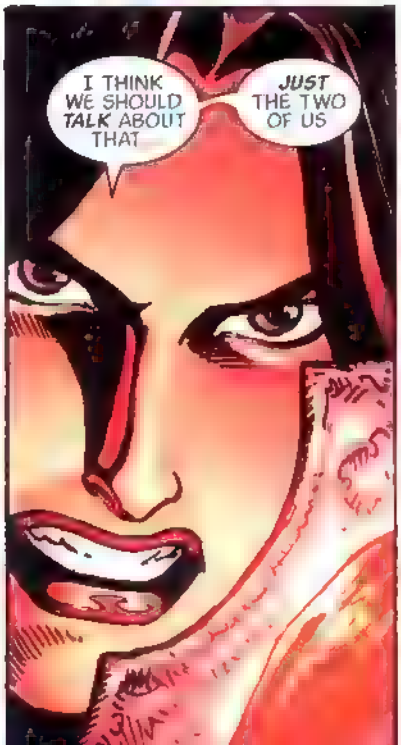
NO

DEAR SISTER MOIRA YOU SEEM *TROUBLED*
THE COURTYARD IS OPEN TO THE *OUTSIDE*, THOSE PEOPLE-
ARE PERFECTLY *SAFE*
WARDS HAVE BEEN ERECTED TO PREVENT *WHATEVER* HARMED THEM FROM EVEN *APPROACHING* THE MISSION

ABBOT WE COULD HAVE PASSED OFF OUR MAGIC AS NATURAL HEALING AS WE OFTEN DO WITH UNBELIEVERS THERE WAS *NO REASON*-
THERE WAS *EVERY* REASON WE ARE IN ALPINADOR TO *CONVERT FOLLOWERS*

ONE OF THESE WRETCHES *WILL* CONVERT, THEN SPREAD THE WORD TO OTHERS
OR PERHAPS IT W LL BE ONE OF THE *NEXT* LOT
THEY *WILL* COME AROUND THEY ALWAYS *DO*

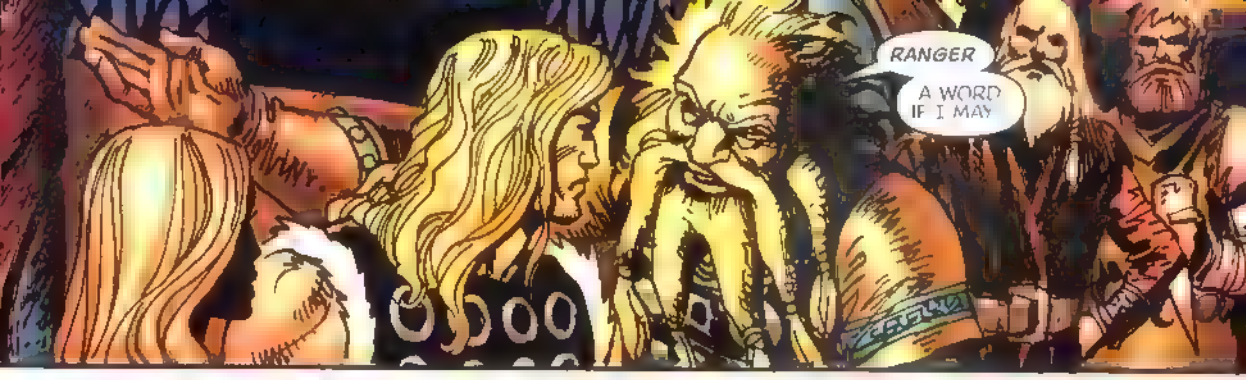

YOU'RE OUT THERE, WHATEVER YOU ARE JUST *WAITING*
WE CAN T GET PAST THE *WOODS* TO WARN OTHERS TO STEER CLEAR, AND THOSE PEOPLE YOU VE *HURT* CAN T GET AWAY TO FIND HEALERS THEY'LL *TRUST*


I THINK WE SHOULD *TALK* ABOUT THAT
JUST THE TWO OF US

Ah BUT SHE LED ME ON A MERRY CHASE!
A GIANTESS SHE WAS A SAVAGE BEAST RIPE FOR THE SLAUGHTER!
MY BLADE DIPPED IN POISON BROUGHT HER LOW
PLEASE NO! SHE CRIED HOWLING WITH PAIN LET ME GO TO MY HUSBAND I AM WITH CHILD!
HAH! HIDEOUS THING I TOLD HER "IF YOU HAVE A CHILD WITHIN YOU IT'S LIKELY BECAUSE YOU ATE ONE OF OURS!"
SHE GASPED AS MY SWORD FLASHED, TAKING HER LIFE.

AND HER HEAD!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
AYE, CHIEFTAIN BYGGVIR!
SLAUGHTER ALL THE DEMONS!
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM DAINTY HAIR? NO TASTE FOR GLORY AND GREAT DEEDS?
OR DOES THE SIGHT OF BLOOD MAKE YOU PALE?
HHHH
WHUD
THUNK

HUH
FOR AN ALPINADORAN HE'S NOT MUCH FOR HOLDING HIS MEAD NOW IS HE?
HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HA
ANDACANAVAR TELL ME OF YOUR YEARS AWAY FROM ALPINADOR I'VE SEEN NOTHING SAVE THIS FROZEN LAND BUT YOU
I'VE HEARD IT SAID THAT YOU WERE RAISED BY THE ELVES. THAT YOU'VE TRAVELED THE WORLD SEEN MAGIC AND WONDERS
I...ah...
ON THE MORROW I'M FINALLY VISITING THE ABERRICAN MISSION
THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS I WANT TO SEE BUT IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE
ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE ALL THINGS ARE TRUE
YOU JUST NEED TO MASTER THE RIGHT WAY OF LOOKING AT LIFE ELENE PERHAPS AS AN ARTIST MIGHT
MY ART IS WITH THE BLADE WHAT FOOLISHNESS IS THIS HE PUTS IN ELENE'S HEAD CHIEFTAIN?
I'LL CUT OUT HIS HEART IF HE TEMPTS MY DAUGHTER TO STRAY BEYOND OUR BORDERS!


RANGER
A WORD IF I MAY

UNDERSTAND ME DEMON YOUR PRESENCE HERE IS TOLERATED ONLY BECAUSE YOU ARE ALPINADORAN BY BLOOD AND BLOOD TIES ARE SACRED TO US
BUT I'LL NOT HAVE YOU DRIVE MY DAUGHTER EVEN FURTHER AWAY FROM ME WITH SUCH TALK I'LL SEE YOUR SKULL ON THIS WALL FIRST
YOU CAN'T WALK IN TWO WORLDS, ANDACANAVAR YOU HAVE TO CHOOSE
I MADE MY CHOICE A LONG TIME AGO

COME LIGHTNING
THE RIDE WILL TAKE THE NIGHT BUT PERHAPS THE HEARTH OF THE ABELLICANS WILL BE A SHADE MORE WELCOMING

"MURDERERS..."
THIEVES!
GRAVE, YOU WORTHLESS FOOL, GRAB THE GIRL!
RIGHT THANKEE THANKEE NEVER WOULD HAVE OCC. RRED TO ME TO ONLY THE ENTIRE PLAN K DNAP AND RANSOM THE CHIEFTAIN S DAUGHTER
MORON
Oh.
PROTECT ME
PLEASE

LEAVE HER
WELL GRAVE IT SEEMS YOU'RE NOT ONLY STUPID YOU'RE MAD AS WELL
THINKING YOU CAN CLAIM THIS TREASURE FOR YOURSELF ALONE
NO. THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M-
SAVE YOUR PATHETIC ATTEMPTS TO CUT A DEAL IN FACT SPEAKING OF CUTTING
GREMPH THE REST OF YOU SLICE OPEN THIS FOOL AND SHOW THE WORLD IF HE HAS ANY GUTS OR NO-
RRRMMM
WHAT IN THE-

PROTECTING OUR *PRIZE* FOR US FLEA?
LET US SHOW OUR *THANKS*

YAAAH!

TIME FOR *VENGEANCE*, LITTLE ONE. MAKE THIS *DIFFICULT* FOR ME
AND I'LL DO THE SAME FOR *YOU*
CONTINUED!

R.A. SALVATORE

CREATOR

was born in Massachusetts in 1959. His love affair with fantasy, and with literature in general, began during his sophomore year of college when he was given a copy of J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* as a Christmas gift. He is the acclaimed author of the DemonWars saga including the May, 2003 release, *Immortalis*. Also to his credit are *The Thousand Orcs*, the *New York Times* best-seller *Star Wars The New Jedi Order: Vector Prime*, and the novel based on the screenplay, *Star Wars: Attack of the Clones*. His hobbies include softball, hockey, and music, particularly a good blast of Mozart while tooling down the highway. He lives in Massachusetts with his wife Diane and their three children, Bryan, Geno, and Caitlin, along with a host of computer-literate cats.

SCOTT CIENCIN

WRITER

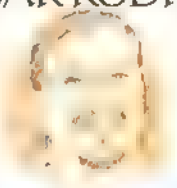
is a *New York Times* best-selling author of adult and children's fiction. Praised by *Science Fiction Review* as "one of today's finest fantasy writers" and listed in the *Encyclopedia of Fantasy*, Scott has written over 50 novels and many short stories and comic books (including releases from Marvel and DC Comics.) His first novels, the *Forgotten Realms* fantasy adventures *Shadowdale* and *Tantras*, written under the pseudonym Richard Awlinson, are still hot sellers around the world. Scott is also the author of *Jurassic Park III*, *Anakin Skywalker: A Jedi's Journal*, six novels in the popular Random House *Dinotopia* series (now an ABC TV series), *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and *Angel* novels, and several original properties for the adult market and children's market including his *Dinoverse* series which has recently been optioned by Critical Hit Entertainment. Scott lives in Fort Myers, Florida, with his beloved wife Denise.

RON WAGNER

ARTIST

was born in Iowa in 1961. He has worked for Marvel and DC Comics, as well as Dark Horse, drawing titles including *G.I. Joe*, *Morbius the Living Vampire*, and *Ghost Rider* for Marvel, and *Batman*, *Book of Fate*, and *Hawkman* for DC. After a stint creating concept art for video games produced by companies including Sinister Games and Ubisoft, Ron makes his return to comics with DEMONWARS. He lives in Iowa with his wife Cynthia and their daughter Nikki.

CAESAR RODRIGUEZ



hails from Los Angeles, and began his career as an assistant to top colorist JD Smith, whom Caesar credits as one of his mentors. Among the initial colorists hired by CrossGen, Caesar quickly distinguished himself with his work bringing the techno-medieval world of SCION to life, then moved over to the epic fantasy of SOJOURN. Now he's continuing his fantastic fantasy artistry with DEMONWARS.

DAVE LANPHEAR RON MARZ IAN M. FELLER DENISE CIENCIN

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R.A. SALVATORE'S
DEMON WARS
THE WORLD OF
CORONA
Abellican Mission
Hruogar
ALPINADOR
The Barbacan (Mount Aida)
Andur'Blough Iannacca (The Valley of Mist)
Weedy Meadows
Dundalis
End o the World
Timberlands
The Moorlands
the Wilderlands
Landsdown
Cler Tinella
Pirath Vanguard
THE JULIANTHES
(The Weathered Isles)
MIRIANIC OCEAN
Gulf of Corona
Palmaris
Maur Delaval
Amvoy
St Mere Abelle
All Saints Bay
Dusberry
Pirath Damard
Ursal
HONCE-THE-BEAR
Youmaneff
Belt-and-Buckle
Pirath Julian Linson
Macomber
The Broken Coast
St. Gwendolyn by the sea
Talidean Bay
Eastel Jacinth
Freeport
The Mantis Arm
BEHREN
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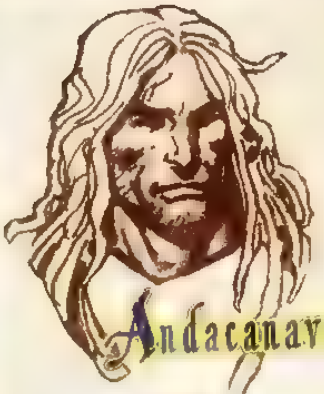
From the Secret History of the Touel'alfar



On the way to the nearby Abellican mission, the caravan bearing Elene, daughter of Hrungnir's Chieftain Byggvir, is attacked by a band of magic-wielding giants. Grave Mungo, a highly inventive and hugely disgruntled powrie — a red cap dwarf — fails in his surprising attempt to save Elene. As a giant's hand closes on her, Elene hears the giant's guttural promise that the time for vengeance has come. Vengeance? For what? She's harmed no giants. Her father, on the other hand, recently slew a pregnant giantess and hung her skull on his wall.

There is trouble elsewhere in the high, frozen lands of Alpinador. The woods surrounding the Abellican mission have become the home of a terrifying creature who savages travelers and leaves them barely alive, coincidentally in need of the exact healing magic the Abellicans possess. Or is it a coincidence? Sister Moira is not so sure. Disobeying the orders of Abbot Greene, whom she is coming to distrust as well as loathe, she has set out to find and slay the creature so that no more wounded travelers will hear the chilling ultimatum of her superior: convert to our faith... or die. For the Alpinadorans believe that all magic is evil, and any who are touched by magic become demons. Not so. In Corona, there are true demons aplenty, as Moira is about to find out.

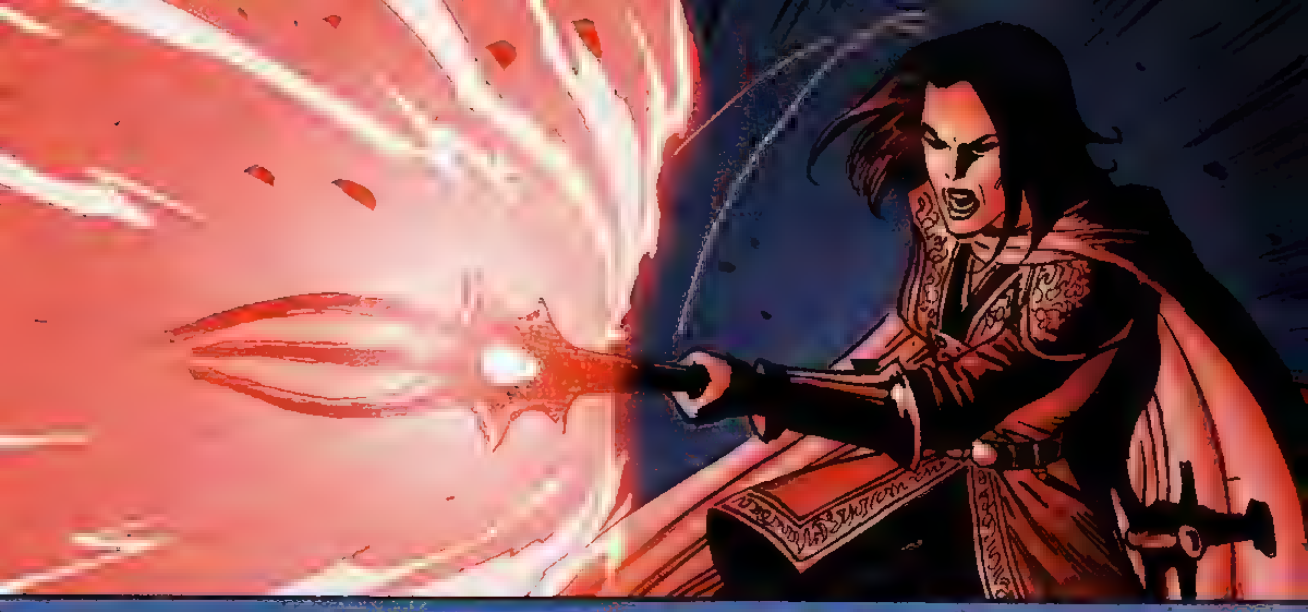
Finally, there is the Ranger Andacanavar, an outcast among the very people he protects because of his years spent in training by the Touel'alfar, the elves. Andacanavar is a warrior who hopes for a time of change, a time of union between his superstitious people and the outside world... a man who is coming to realize that, instead, he may soon be facing a time of bloody war.

R.A. Salvatore's DemonWars™: Trial by Fire Vol. 1, Issue 2, FEBRUARY 2003, FIRST PRINTING. Published by CG Entertainment, Inc. Office of publication: 4023 Tampa Road, Suite 2400, Oldsmar, Florida 34677. Code 6 Comics™ is a division of CrossGeneration Comics, Inc. The CG Entertainment logo™, CG Entertainment™, the Code 6 Comics logo™, Code 6 Comics™ and Code 6™ are Trademark and Copyright 2003 CrossGeneration Comics, Inc. R.A. Salvatore's DemonWars™ and all characters and images are Trademark and Copyright 2003 Code 6 Comics and R.A. Salvatore. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. The stories, incidents and characters in this publication are fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this book may be reproduced in any form without the express written consent of Code 6 Comics. PRINTED IN CANADA.

...CAN'T GO ON...
WE HAVE TO. OUR FRIENDS ARE ALL DEAD.
WE MUST WARN OTHERS WHO COME THIS WAY. THAT THING...
I HEAR SOMETHING...
. HOOVES...
OTHERS ON THE ROAD. THEY'LL HELP US.
KRATCH
YOU MUSN'T LEAVE SO SOON...

...I'M NOT DONE WITH EITHER OF YOU.

YIIEEEH!
NO.
WHY NOT?



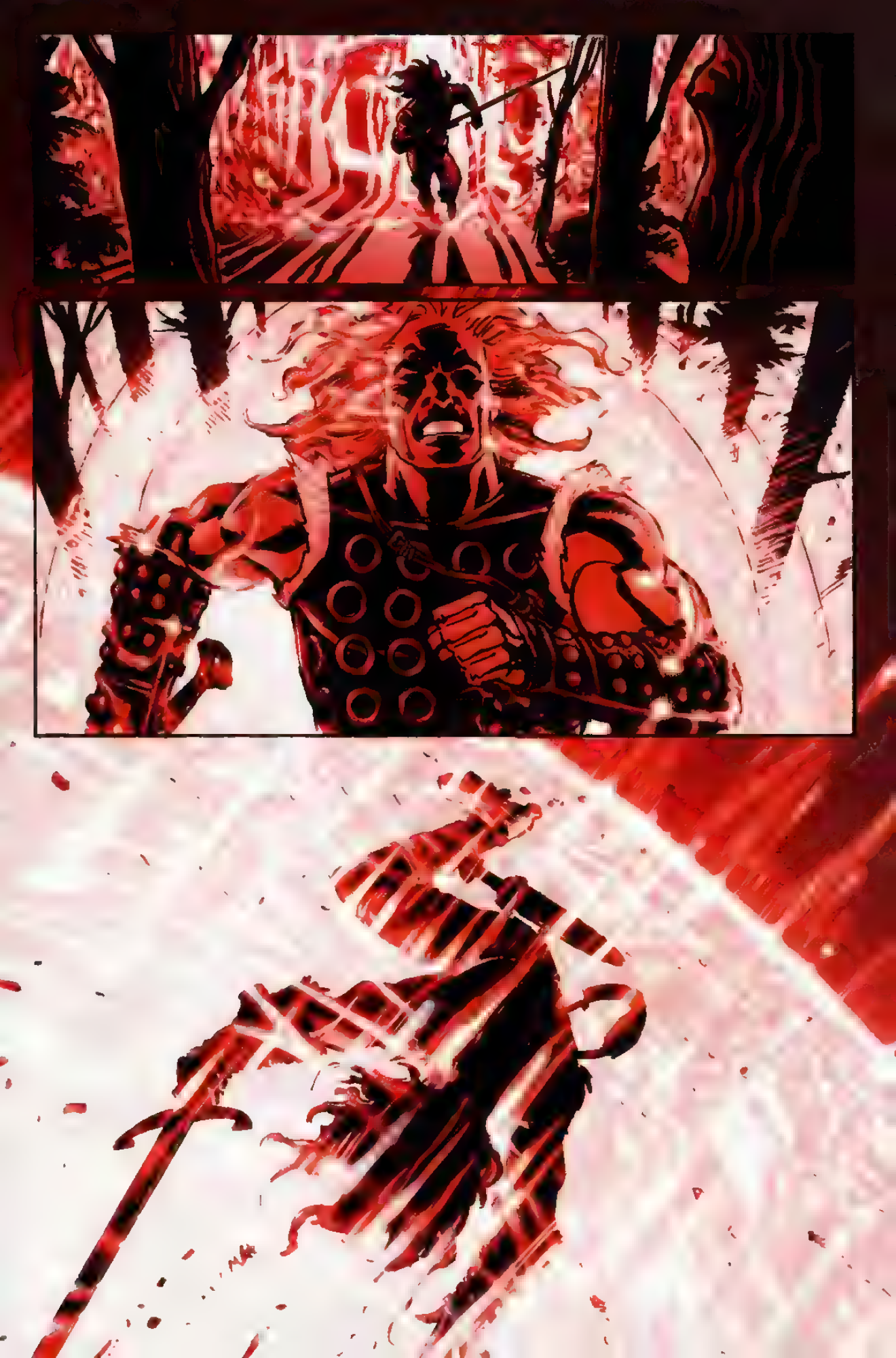
WHERE ARE YOU, CREATURE?

KRATCH
YYAAAAH!

I WAS HUNTING THE-
SOULS FOR MANAGARM!

GAAAH...
SHLIKT
WAIT-
YES, STRUGGLE...
...FEAR SEASONS THE MEAT.

Eh?
:UCK!
RUN, BARBARIAN.
NOW.



FMP
ONE STONE STARTED THE BLAZE.
ANOTHER IS ALREADY PUTTING IT OUT
I HAVE YET ANOTHER...TO HEAL YOUR WOUND?
YES

YOU'RE NOT LIKE THE OTHER ALPINADORANS
I'M THE RANGER, ANDACANAVAR.
SO WE'RE BOTH DEMONS THEN.
IT WOULD SEEM SO

I'M MOIRA.

HOLD THIS DAMN THING STEADY
GOING TO BE SICK
WHAT DO YOU WANT
WHY ARE YOU
YOU'VE IGNORED ME ALL DAY. ANSWER ME NOW DAMN YOU!
WHY DID YOU STEAL ME FROM MY FATHER'S CARAVAN?
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?
OH THAT'S DISGUSTING

YORF, MY FRIEND... YOU CAN'T HELP BEING ILL. IT COULD HAPPEN TO ANY OF US.
WE'VE BEEN HARD ON YOU. WE KNOW THAT, AND WE'RE SORRY.
YOU SHOULD LIE DOWN. GET SOME REST.
OH. STOPPED MOVING. THANK ALL THE GODS.
REALLY?
INDEED. WE'RE MAKING VERY GOOD TIME.
AYE, AND IT'S THE LONG SLOW SIMMER THAT MAKES VENGEANCE WORTH IT IN THE END.
WELL...
...JUST FOR A MOMENT
SNNNORRR
HEH.

HE'LL HAVE TO RUN ALL DAY.
AND *THEN* FACE THE WRATH OF MANAGARM.
OH YOU MOTHERLESS GODS' CURSED SONS OF

MAGIC
...THEY HAD MAGIC..
" FIRES ROSE ABOUT THEM.
RRRMMM
"...THEY FADED... AND THEY WERE GONE.
"GONE!"
HOW CAN THIS BE SO, CHIEFTAIN BYGGVIR?
IT CAN'T. THE GIANTS HAVE NO MAGIC THEY'RE WITLESS ANIMALS.
BUT THERE ARE DEMONS NEWLY-ARRIVED IN ALPINADOR.
DEMONS WHO HAVE MAGIC APLENTY.
ENOUGH TO CONTROL ANIMALS LIKE THE GIANTS.
AYE, THE ABELLICANS TOOK MY DAUGHTER ELENE AND THEY WILL PAY..

WAKEY-WAKEY...
...TIME TO PLAY.
YAH!

I WOULDN'T *MOVE* IF I WERE YOU. THIS *VINE* IS THE ONLY THING KEEPING YOU FROM BECOMING YORF THE *ONE-EYED*
NOW, TELL ME ABOUT THE GIRL..
...AND I *PROMISE* I WON'T *CUT* THE VINE.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, I'LL *TELL* YOU...
:SNIFF:
I'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING.
NOW SET ME FREE!
BUT THAT WASN'T THE DEAL. I SAID I WOULDN'T *CUT* THE VINE.
REALLY THERE'S NO NEED.
IT LOOKS *JUST* ABOUT READY TO GIVE ALL ON ITS OWN...
NO...

YIEERRHHHHHH

dp
dp
drip

SO, YOU TOOK THAT GIRL FOR *REVENGE*, NOW DID YOU?
WELL, *THAT'S* SOMETHING GRAVE MUNGO CAN UNDERSTAND...

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

NEARLY SUNDOWN, MOIRA.
A FINE WAY TO SPEND YOUR DAY, WANDERING ABOUT WITH AN *UNBELIEVER*, IGNORING YOUR CHORES AT THE MISSION
I'VE PUT IN AS GOOD A WORK DAY AS IT *GETS*, I THINK.

YOU'RE NOT LEFT WITH MUCH IN THE WAY OF *ANSWERS*, ARE YOU?
A *FIEND* LIKE THIS, REVEALING ITSELF ON THE MATERIAL PLANE?
I WASN'T LEFT WITH MUCH IN THE WAY OF *OPTIONS*.

FAIR ENOUGH.
BUT YOU'RE RIGHT. I HAVE QUESTIONS. DID SOMEONE *SUMMON* THIS ABOMINATION?
Ah .. AND THERE IS THE MATTER OF *MANAGARM*, THE NAME SHE UTTERED.

I DON'T FOLLOW.
MANAGARM'S A DEMON. A *TRUE* DEMON. A LESSER FIEND WORSHIPPED BY THE GIANTS OF THIS LAND.
THEIR GOD OF WAR AND VENGEANCE.
THE *GIANTS*... POSSIBLE, I SUPPOSE

STILL, IT IS CONVENIENT THAT THE FIEND ONLY WOUNDED ALPINADORANS CURIOUS ABOUT THE LIGHT FROM OUR MISSION...
...LEAVING THEM IN MORTAL DANGER IF THEY DIDN'T CONVERT AND GAIN OUR HEALING MAGICS.
AND IT HAD NO COMPUNCTION ABOUT KILLING THE ONLY ONES WHO SURVIVED THE NIGHT...
...THE ONES WHO SOUGHT TO GET AWAY AND WARN OTHERS WHO MIGHT COME THIS WAY
YOU THINK SOMEONE AT YOUR MISSION SUMMONED THIS CREATURE?
I DON'T KNOW, IT'S JUST...
...ABBOT GREENE...
HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THE DELICATE BALANCE OF BELIEFS BETWEEN OUR PEOPLES, THE THINGS THAT CAN DIVIDE AND LEAD TO -
BY ALL THAT'S HOLY...

" IT'S BEGUN!"
CONTINUED!

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R.A. SALVATORE'S
DEMONWARS
TRIAL BY FIRE
R.A. Salvatore
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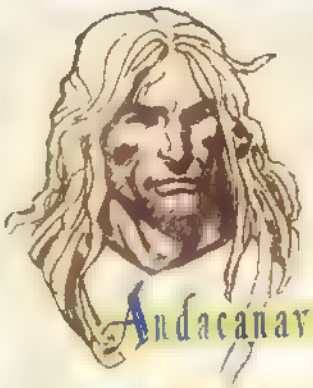
From the Secret History of the Touel'alfar



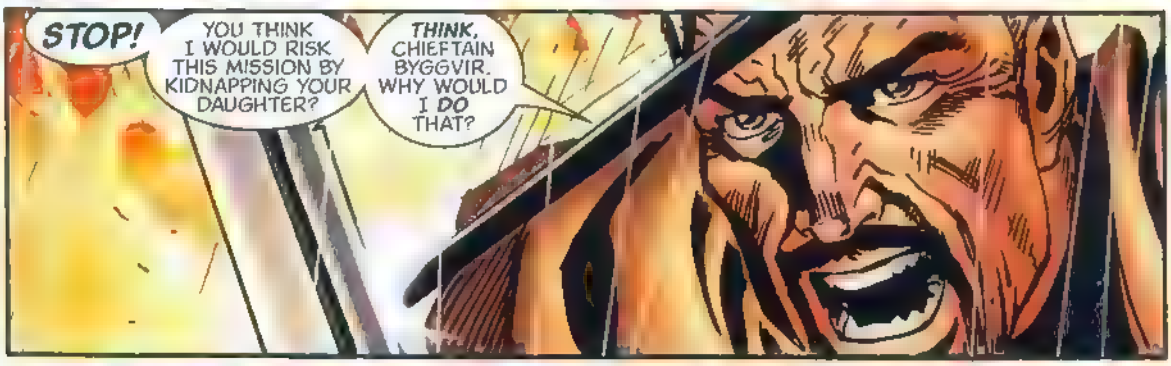
A brutal conflict simmers between the northern tribesmen of Alpinador, ruled by the belligerent and short-sighted **Chieftain Byggvir**, and the magic-wielding Abellican missionaries led by the scheming and untrustworthy **Abbot Greene**. The source of the conflict is the chieftain's daughter, **Elene**, recently kidnapped by the Frost Giants ,who surprisingly used magic in their attack). Unwilling to see the nomadic giants — who had a thriving civilization until warriors like Byggvir leveled it — as anything more than animals, Byggvir has rallied his troops and led them to the Abellican mission, where his daughter was bound when the giants attacked.

Only three individuals stand a chance of preventing this conflict from erupting into a full-fledged war among nations: **Andacanavar**, a barbarian Ranger born in the cold hills of Alpinador but raised and trained by the elves in the Valley of Mist; **Moira**, an Abellican and magical adept who is slowly beginning to see through the benevolent facade of her order to the ruthless power-hungry underside; and **Grave Mungo**, a powrie, or bloody red-cap dwarf, who dreams of more than conquest and plunder, and follows the captive Elene for reasons that are strictly his own...for now.

After vanquishing a demonic creature who had been preying upon innocent Alpinadorans visiting the mission, Andacanavar and Moira have returned to find the mission's watchfires joined by the flaming arrows and flashing swords of a battle between Byggvir's warriors and the mystical warriors of Abbot Greene. All are unaware that underscoring their conflict is the threat of a demonwar that may spell an end to human supremacy in the world of Corona.

R.A. Salvatore's Demonwars™: Trial by Fire Vol 1, Issue 3, MARCH 2003. FIRST PRINTING. Published by CG Entertainment, Inc. Office of publication: 4023 Tampa Road, Suite 2400, Oldsmar, Florida 34677. Code 6 Comics™ is a division of CrossGeneration Comics, Inc. The CG Entertainment logo™, CG Entertainment™, the Code 6 Comics logo™, Code 6 Comics™ and Code 6™ are Trademark and Copyright 2003 CrossGeneration Comics, Inc. R.A. Salvatore's Demonwars™ and all characters and images are Trademark and Copyright 2003 Code 6 Comics and R.A. Salvatore. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. The stories, incidents and characters in this publication are fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this book may be reproduced in any form without the express written consent of Code 6 Comics. PRINTED IN CANADA.

DEMON!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY DAUGHTER?


STOP!
YOU THINK I WOULD RISK THIS MISSION BY KIDNAPPING YOUR DAUGHTER?
THINK, CHIEFTAIN BYGGVIR. WHY WOULD I DO THAT?

TRYING TO TRICK ME GREENE.

BUT YOUR *WORDS* WON'T STOP ME *OR* MY MEN!

KILL THE ABELLICANS!

RIP OUT THEIR *THROATS* BEFORE THEY CAN SUMMON THE GIANTS!

WE'VE SEEN NO GIANTS. WHAT ARE YOU-
YOUR MAGIC CONTROLS THEM, MONK...
...AND YOU USED THEM TO TAKE OUR CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER!
WE DID NOTHING OF THE KIND! WE-
FOOLS.

I WON'T
..LET YOU..
..KILL EACH OTHER!

ALL OF YOU!
YOU WILL LISTEN TO ME..
..OR MY FLAMES WILL BURN YOU WHERE YOU STAND!

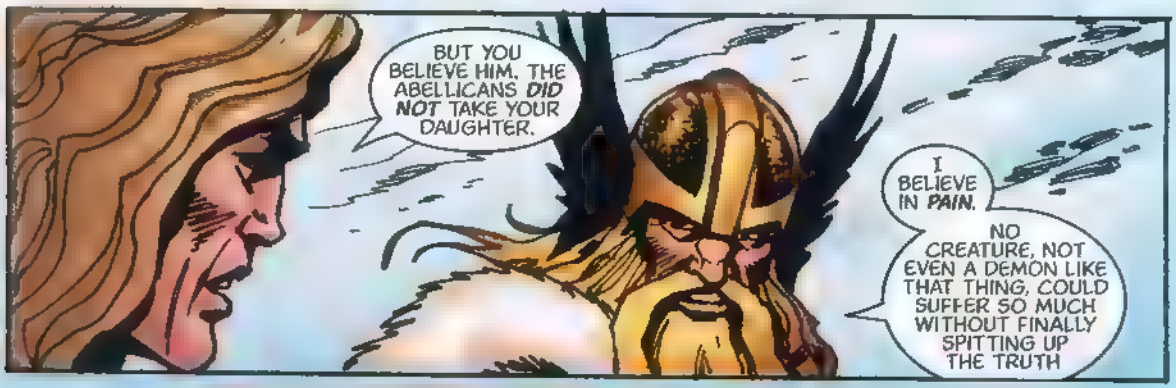
SISTER MOIRA THINK CAREFULLY ABOUT THIS.
DEMON WITCH

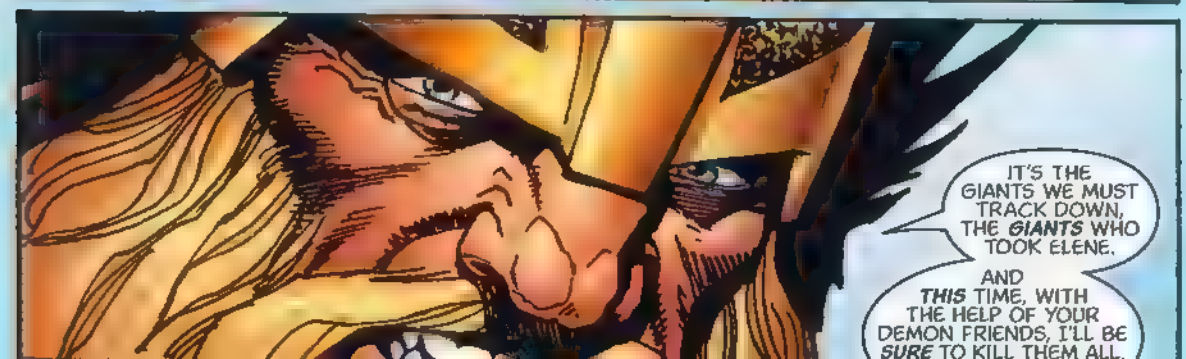
I'M NOT LISTENING TO YOUR-

WHAP

DON'T BE AN ASS, BYGGVIR
...w
MOIRA IS ACTUALLY VERY GOOD...
AT BURNING THINGS.
I HAVE THE ORACLE GLASS AND THE GEMSTONES REQUIRED
AWAKE, CREATURE. THE SLEEP OF DEATH IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU.
WELCOME BACK TO LIFE, DEMONESS
AND TO PAIN
YOU SERVE MANAGARM, THE DEMON LORD OF VENGEANCE WORSHIPPED BY THE GIANTS.
AND IT WAS THE GIANTS WHO TOOK CHIEFTAIN BYGGVIR'S DAUGHTER, USING MAGIC NOT UNLIKE YOURS
I BURN...
YOU ATTACKED THIS PLACE, CREATURE. WAS IT TO STOP THE ABELLICANS FROM HELPING BYGGVIR FIND HIS DAUGHTER?
TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE GIRL....

". OR WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU BURN FOREVER."
I WOULD THINK YOU'D BE PLEASED, BYGGVIR.
I DON'T TRUST ABBOT GREENE. HE MOCKS ME WITH THAT SMILE OF HIS.


BUT YOU BELIEVE HIM. THE ABELLICANS DID NOT TAKE YOUR DAUGHTER.
I BELIEVE IN PAIN.
NO CREATURE, NOT EVEN A DEMON LIKE THAT THING, COULD SUFFER SO MUCH WITHOUT FINALLY SPITTING UP THE TRUTH


IT'S THE GIANTS WE MUST TRACK DOWN, THE GIANTS WHO TOOK ELENE.
AND THIS TIME, WITH THE HELP OF YOUR DEMON FRIENDS, I'LL BE SURE TO KILL THEM ALL.

I ADMIT, I WAS ANGRY AT FIRST, BUT YOU'VE BROUGHT ABOUT EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED· AN ALLIANCE WITH THE ALPINADORANS.
YOU ARE SPECIAL, MOIRA AN APT PUPIL.
YOUR CONTROL OF MAGIC IS STAGGERING...
LIKE YOUR BEAUTY
WHAT OF THE ALPINADORANS WHO DIED AT OUR MISSION?
BYGGVIR AND HIS PEOPLE KNOW NOTHING OF IT WE SHOULD KEEP IT THAT WAY.
WOULD YOU THREATEN THIS FRAGILE PEACE?
BUT-
BELIEVE ME, DEAR CHILD...
..THEY WILL FIND NO GRAVES.
MOIRA? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO HUNT FOR DINNER.

" SUDDENLY, I'M VERY MUCH IN THE MOOD TO KILL SOMETHING"
KRAK!

KRAAAAAAK
AAH!
BY SAINT ABELLE

.. THEY GROW THEM BIG IN ALPINADOR!

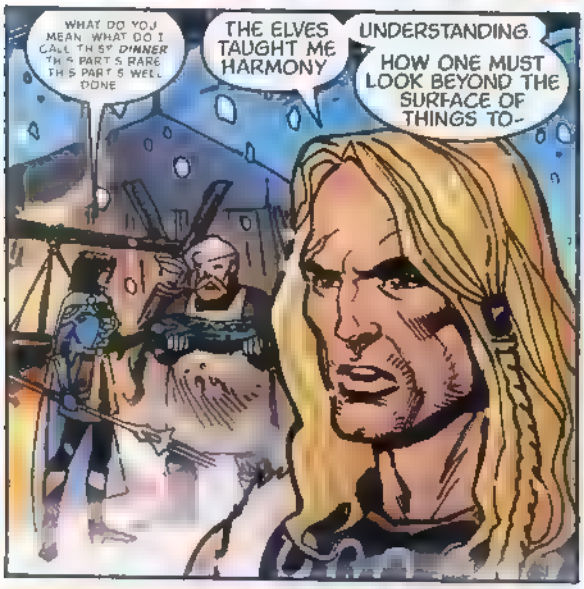
YAH!
MIR'S BLOOD WOMAN. LOSE SOME WEIGHT WHY DON'T YOU DRAG US BOTH IN
QUIET, POWRIE!
THESE ARE DEADLY CREATURES.

BUT SO AM I!
=HACK=
=KOFF KOFF=
YOU HAVE MY THANKS. IT'S NOT EVERY DAY ONE HAS TO DEAL WITH AN ORPHANED GUARDIAN OF THE GREAT OLD ONES.
MY NAME IS MOIRA, OF THE ABELLICAN FAITH.
GRAVE MUNGO, OF THE POWRIES OF BEN-SE-LA.
THEN ARE YOU *HUNGRY*, BY ANY CHANCE, GRAVE MUNGO?
HEH
I SUPPOSE I SHOULDN'T MENTION I WAS REACHING FOR THE *STAFF*

THEY'RE COMING
I CAN ALMOST *TASTE* THEIR MAN-FLESH...
AH
YOU'RE AWAKE.
WELCOME TO THE FORTRESS OF MANAGARM, DAUGHTER OF MY ENEMY
YOUR TRIAL BY FIRE BEGINS *NOW*

SO WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE GRAVE MUNGO?
AYE, FOR US, TOO.
IT'S ABOUT A GIRL.
... DIFFERENT, THOUGH, I'M SURE
I'M SURE
UM...DO YOU HAVE A FAMILY WAITING FOR YOU, SOMEWHERE? A PLACE YOU CALL HOME?
WORTHLESS TURD! LAYABOUT!
WITLESS FOOL BUILDING USELESS TOYS. GET OUT THERE AND PILLAGE WITH THE REST OF THEM!
FATHER'S A TURD! FATHER'S A TURD!
MOTHER SAYS HE'S NOT EVEN OUR REAL-
NO.
NO ONE.

...NEVER ACTUALLY SEEN AN ELF. I UNDERSTAND THEY'RE DIMINUTIVE.
HE MEANS SHORT
I HEARD THEY GOT THESE FRILLY LITTLE WINGS, TOO
WELL.


WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHAT DO I CALL THIS? DINNER. THIS PART'S RARE. THIS PART'S WELL DONE
THE ELVES TAUGHT ME HARMONY
UNDERSTANDING.
HOW ONE MUST LOOK BEYOND THE SURFACE OF THINGS TO-

GREETINGS, TRAVELERS.

YOU.

YOU LITTLE...

YRRGH!
RRRMMM

NOT SO LITTLE.

FAITHFUL WARRIORS, TO ME! I HAVE THE
WHAT?
LOOKING FOR THIS, LITTLE MAN? THE MAGIC GEMSTONES YOU ALONE CARRIED?
I FIND YOUR LACK OF TRUST IN YOUR FELLOW PRIESTS..
..REWARDING
ATTACK!

AAGH!
MOIRA!
A POWRIE. .

...I HATE POWRIES!
TOO MANY OF THEM!
MY DAUGHTER..
SEE HER SOON ENOUGH
WHAT GOOD IS VENGEANCE IF NO ONE'S THERE TO WITNESS IT?

NOW YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO PAY
CONTINUED!

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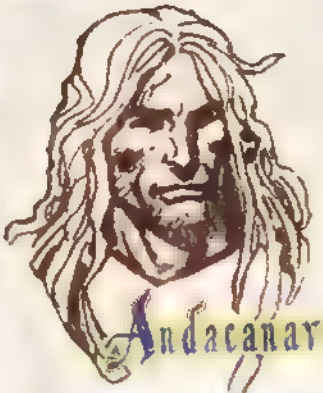

Grave Mungo, a bloody red-cap dwarf, or powrie, journeys north, having survived an attack by vengeance-driven Frost Giants who slaughtered a force of Alpinadoran warriors and Abellican monks. Following the giants' trail, Grave hopes to be led to the fortress of Managarm. It is there, in the keep of the banished demon-lord the giants worship, he believes he will find **Elene**, the kidnapped daughter of Chieftain Byggvir.

Among those presumed lost in the giant attack are **Andacanavar**, the Alpinadoran Ranger trained to protect his people by the Touel'alfar, or elves, of the Valley of Mists; **Moira**, an Abellican adept whose control of magic and innate power might one day make her a great asset — or great threat — to the Abellican order (a religious organization rife with hidden darkness and corruption); **Abbot Greene**, an ambitious member of the Abellican order who is hell-bent on creating a lasting union between the Alpinadorans and Abellicans for his own shadowy reasons; and Chieftain Byggvir himself, a wildly unpredictable and reactionary leader who has no idea that it was his killing — for sport — of a pregnant giantess that set into motion his daughter's abduction and possible sacrifice.

Now it seems only Grave Mungo, a powrie of questionable motives, stands a chance to prevent the summoning of the demon-lord Managarm to the mortal realm.

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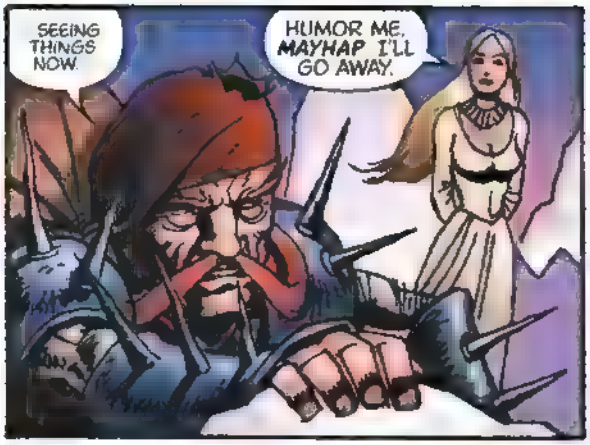
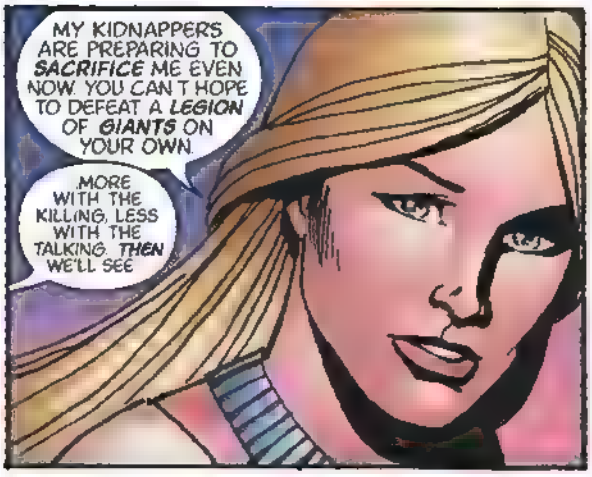
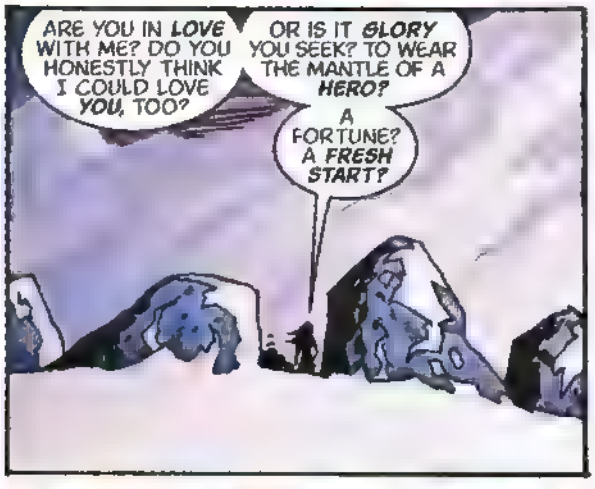
SO TELL ME, GRAVE MUNGO, WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
SHUT UP. YOU'RE NOT EVEN REAL, ELENE.
BEEN OUT IN THIS DAMN COLD TOO LONG.


SEEING THINGS NOW.
HUMOR ME, MAYHAP I'LL GO AWAY.


MY KIDNAPPERS ARE PREPARING TO SACRIFICE ME EVEN NOW. YOU CAN'T HOPE TO DEFEAT A LEGION OF GIANTS ON YOUR OWN.
MORE WITH THE KILLING, LESS WITH THE TALKING. THEN WE'LL SEE


ARE YOU IN LOVE WITH ME? DO YOU HONESTLY THINK I COULD LOVE YOU, TOO?
OR IS IT GLORY YOU SEEK? TO WEAR THE MANTLE OF A HERO?
A FORTUNE? A FRESH START?

GREAT MOTHER FROM THE DEEP

...MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE HEADED HOME AFTER ALL.

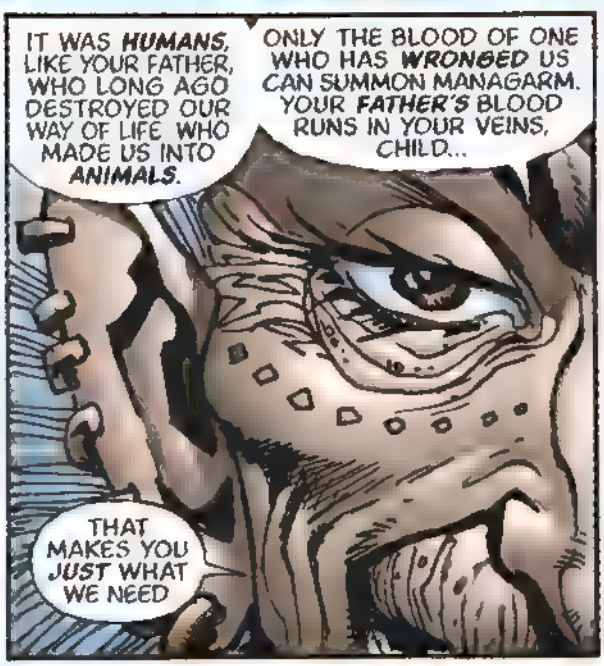
BUT...
... THAT GAP MUST BE TEN FEET, AT LEAST!
BY THE TEETH OF THE GREAT OLD ONES, HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO GET ACROSS THAT BLASTED THING?
HOW WOULD I KNOW?
I'M A PART OF YOU, GRAVE MUNGO. A VISION CONJURED BY YOUR WEARY AND SOMEWHAT LIMITED MIND.
BESIDES...
...YOU NEVER ANSWERED MY QUESTIONS.
SO EVEN IF I COULD TELL YOU HOW TO GET ACROSS...
...WHY WOULD I?
WAIT!
DON'T GO
SONS OF CURS! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!
FILTHY, ROTTEN, MISBEGOTTEN LUMPS OF DUNG ON GIANT LEGS, WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU CRETINS...

"...I'LL BREAK EVERY ONE OF YOU IN TWO!"
FRAIL LITTLE THING, AREN'T YOU? THAT'S HOW YOU LOOK TO WISE OLD MOOGUD.
I WONDER WHICH WILL SHATTER FIRST WHEN MANAGARM IS DRAWN HERE BY YOUR BLOOD
YOUR BODY.
...OR YOUR MIND?
Hee hee.
Tee hee.
SHARP KNIVES
SACRIFICE.
HUMAN.
THE BEST KIND.
DID YOU KNOW HER?
Eh? WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THE GIANTESS. THE ONE MY FATHER KILLED. THE REASON FOR ALL THIS.

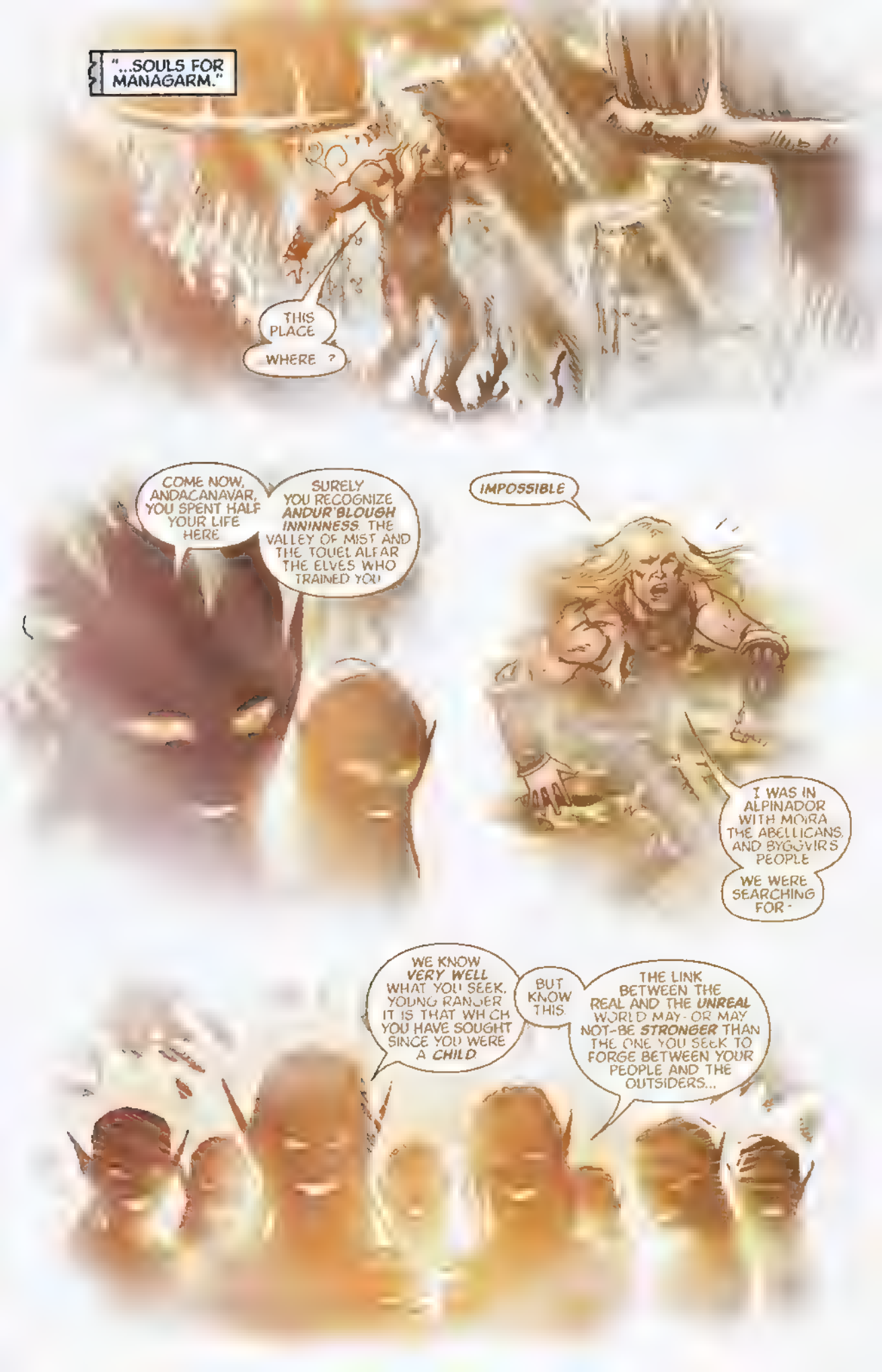
THE EXCUSE, YOU MEAN...
WHAT?
ALL THAT BLOOD THEN OUR MANAGARM WILL RISE
SHE'LL BE HACKED TO PIECES, I THINK A THOUSAND CUTS

OH, YES. IT WAS A THIRST FOR REVENGE THAT GAVE THAEL THE GUMPTION, IF YOU WOULD CALL IT THAT, TO FINALLY RALLY THE SCATTERED TRIBES.
BUT THIS DAY HAS BEEN LONG OVERDUE
AT LEAST, SHE'LL BE CLEANED AND PRETTY FOR IT
IN THE BEGINNING

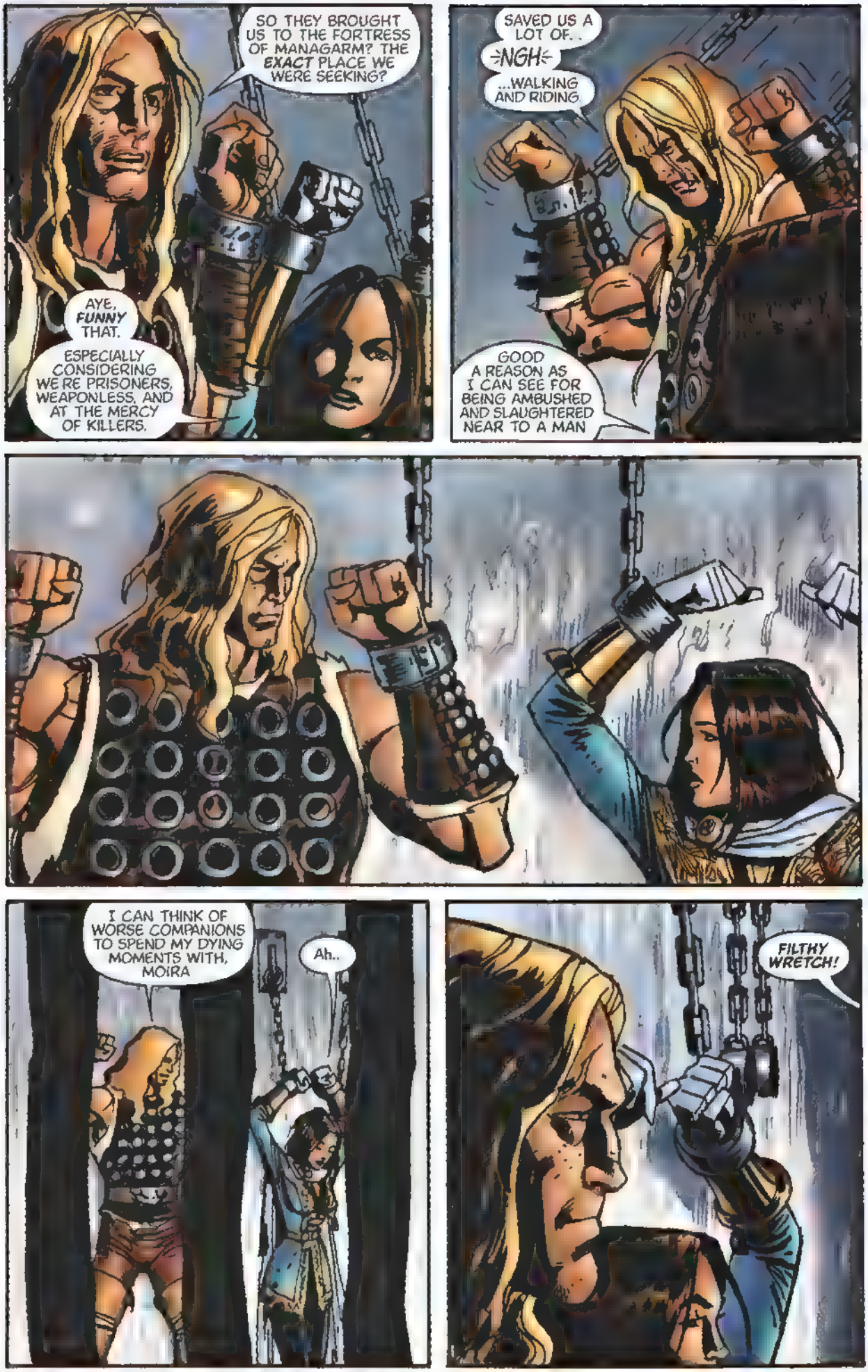
WHITE ROBE NOW
BRIGHT RED, ONCE LORD THAEL GETS STARTED
I'M TOLD YOU PASSED THE RUINS OF ONE OF OUR CITIES ON THE WAY HERE.


IT WAS HUMANS, LIKE YOUR FATHER, WHO LONG AGO DESTROYED OUR WAY OF LIFE WHO MADE US INTO ANIMALS.
ONLY THE BLOOD OF ONE WHO HAS WRONGED US CAN SUMMON MANAGARM. YOUR FATHER'S BLOOD RUNS IN YOUR VEINS, CHILD...
THAT MAKES YOU JUST WHAT WE NEED

AS TO THIR, THE ONE WHOSE SKULL YOUR FATHER HUNG LIKE A TROPHY ON HIS WALL, I KNEW HER.
HONESTLY, I COULDN'T CARE LESS THAT SHE'S DEAD...
...BUT FOR WHAT HER DEATH WILL BRING
GEYSERS OF BLOOD. GEYSERS THAT MIGHT EVEN REACH US IN THE BACK
BLOOD ON THE ICE A SWEET DELICACY WHEN IT FREEZES
A TREAT LATER. PERHAPS FOR OUR DARLING BROTHER, THEOLLUS
EVER TASTED MAN-FLESH?
WHEN SEASONED JUST RIGHT IT TASTES LIKE-
MODGUD COMES AWAY. AWAY!
ONCE YOUR BLOOD IS SPILLED, MANAGARM WILL SET FIRE TO THE WORLD OF HUMANS AND WE SHALL BE SPARED.. TO SERVE HIM.
TO FEED HIM. HEH.. OUR VERY SOULS, IF NEED BE.
THEN YOU REMAIN CATTLE
WE ARE HIS DEVOTED!
SLAP
BUT IN THE END... PERHAPS.
AYE, PERHAPS IT'S WHAT WE ALL ARE, WILLINGLY OR NO
SOULS FOR MANAGARM, MY LITTLE DOVE...


"...SOULS FOR MANAGARM."
THIS PLACE
WHERE ?
COME NOW, ANDACANAVAR, YOU SPENT HALF YOUR LIFE HERE
SURELY YOU RECOGNIZE ANDUR'BLOUGH INNINNESS THE VALLEY OF MIST AND THE TOUEL ALFAR THE ELVES WHO TRAINED YOU
IMPOSSIBLE
I WAS IN ALPINADOR WITH MOIRA THE ABELLICANS AND BYGGVIR'S PEOPLE
WE WERE SEARCHING FOR -
WE KNOW VERY WELL WHAT YOU SEEK, YOUNG RANGER IT IS THAT WHICH YOU HAVE SOUGHT SINCE YOU WERE A CHILD
BUT KNOW THIS
THE LINK BETWEEN THE REAL AND THE UNREAL WORLD MAY - OR MAY NOT - BE STRONGER THAN THE ONE YOU SEEK TO FORGE BETWEEN YOUR PEOPLE AND THE OUTSIDERS...

"..BREAK ONE, FORGE ANOTHER. IT IS YOUR DESTINY IT S..."
...Ugh... WHA...?
ALL YOUR FAULT GREENE.
MY FAULT? HOW CAN ANY OF THIS POSSIBLY BE MY FAULT?
THESE CREATURES KNEW THEIR PLACE UNTIL YOU LOT CAME ALONG.
YOUR DEMON MAGIC EMPOWERED THEM SOMEHOW
BY ALL THAT'S HOLY, BYGGVIR, FREE ME FROM THESE CHAINS AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I CAN DO WITHOUT A BIT OF MAGIC!
HOW LONG HAVE THEY BEEN AT IT?
AS LONG AS I'VE BEEN AWAKE


SO THEY BROUGHT US TO THE FORTRESS OF MANAGARM? THE EXACT PLACE WE WERE SEEKING?
AYE, FUNNY THAT.
ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING WE'RE PRISONERS, WEAPONLESS, AND AT THE MERCY OF KILLERS.
SAVED US A LOT OF. .
-NGH-
...WALKING AND RIDING.
GOOD A REASON AS I CAN SEE FOR BEING AMBUSHED AND SLAUGHTERED NEAR TO A MAN
I CAN THINK OF WORSE COMPANIONS TO SPEND MY DYING MOMENTS WITH, MOIRA
Ah..
FILTHY WRETCH!

MUST I REMIND YOU THAT YOUR DAUGHTER IS SOMEWHERE IN THIS KEEP?
...ELENE...?
MY DAUGHTER!
HOW DARE YOU SPEAK OF HER?
YOUR DAUGHTER. YOUR POSSESSION YOUR CHATTEL
DO YOU EVEN KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT HER?
HER DREAMS? HER ASPIRATIONS?
..ABBOT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING ?
SOMEHOW, I DOUBT THAT YOU DO. HOURS WE'VE BEEN HERE AND NOT ONCE HAVE YOU-
I'LL DECIDE WHEN WE SPEAK OF HER! I'LL DECIDE ALL THERE IS TO BE DECIDED ABOUT HER!
NO ONE TAKES FROM ME WHAT IS MINE.
NO ONE!

A UNION OF MY PEOPLE AND OUTSIDERS. I MUST HAVE BEEN MAD.
SO THEN, ARE YOU CERTAIN WE ARE ALL WHO SURVIVED?
I'VE HEARD VOICES. I THINK THERE MAY BE A FEW MORE IN ANOTHER CELL.
MY PEOPLE?
OR YOURS?
FORGIVE ME, MOIRA. WITH MY DOUBTS, I DISHONOR YOUR FRIENDSHIP, FREELY GIVEN.
AND I DISHONOR THOSE WHO RAISED ME, GAVE ME A PURPOSE, HOPE AND DREAMS...
WITHOUT DREAMS, WE ARE AS ONE DEAD. THAT IS WHAT THE TOUEL'ALFAR TAUGHT ME WHEN I WAS BUT A CHILD.
I HAVE TURNED MY BACK ON SO MUCH THAT WAS CLEAR TO ME.
WHAT'S CLEAR TO ME RIGHT NOW IS THAT WHAT I WANT IS MY FREEDOM.
...AND THE HEADS OF A FEW GIANTS ON STICKS.
BEST OF ALL, I THINK I KNOW HOW TO GET BOTH A VERY GOOD THING INDEED...

"...BECAUSE WE CAN'T EXPECT ANYONE TO COME AND SAVE US."
AROOOO
WOLVES!
GATHER THE YOUNG! RETURN TO THE FORTRESS!
THEY HUNT IN PACKS!
MY COUSIN, GENDRETH, BIG AS HE WAS, WAS OUT HUNTING AND WAS BROUGHT DOWN AND EATEN BY A PACK.
PRAISE MANAGARM FOR THE SAFETY HIS KEEP PROVIDES.

I DON'T SEE ANY WOLVES. USUALLY THEY GATHER AT THE BASE OF THE BROKEN BRIDGE.
THEIR HOWLS HAVE STOPPED. STRANGE TO HAVE HEARD THEM AND NOT SEEN THEM.
LITTLE THEOLLUS HAS BEEN SO BRAVE. HE HASN'T CRIED ONCE. HE...
AROOO
WOOF.
Gah?

GUHHH...
BUT...
...A FRIEND GAVE THE GEM TO ME. HE NEVER SAID IT WAS-
YOU'VE BEEN WEARING AN AMETHYST GEMSTONE BRIMMING WITH MAGIC
ITS VIBRATIONS ARE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO SET US FREE.
MORE DEMON MAGIC! RANGER, YOU'LL BE THE DEATH OF US ALL.
ON THE CONTRARY HE'S THE ONLY ONE AMONG YOUR THICKHEADED KIND WHO UNDERSTANDS THAT MAGIC IS NOT EVIL.
HE MIGHT EVEN BE YOUR SALVATION ONE DAY
FILTHY, TAINTED, SCUMLICKING-
HOLD STILL WHILE I-
NO!

I'LL STAY HERE AND ROT BEFORE I LET YOUR DEMON MAGICS STEAL MY SOUL.
FAMILIAR WORDS...
ABBOT GREENE...CHIEFTAIN BYGGVIR...YOUR PEOPLE ARE DEAD
BUT ELENE IS ALIVE
MY DAUGHTER?
HOW CAN YOU KNOW THAT?
BECAUSE OUR HEADS ARE STILL ATTACHED.
ALL RIGHT THEN, DAMN YOU.

"...FREE ME."
THEY WANT US TO WITNESS WHAT THEY HAVE PLANNED.
I WOULD SAY SO.
HOLD.
THOSE VOICES, I HEAR THEM AGAIN. I-

...HUNGRY...
MANFLESH!

SISTER MOIRA, THE GEMSTONES THE GIANTS TOOK FROM ME. THEY MUST BE HERE.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M TELLING YOU?
ABBOT GREENE, I HAVE THE RANGER'S AMETHYST, I COULD...
RANGER, TOUCH MY DAUGHTER AND MY SPIRIT WILL RETURN TO CRUSH YOUR DAMN SKULL.
LIVE, CHILD, AND TELL ALL OF THIS DAY, WHEN ABELLICAN AND ALPINADORAN FOUGHT SIDE-BY-SIDE
GO NOW!

IT IS TIME, CHILD.
TIME TO SPILL YOUR HOT BLOOD WITH THE COLD STEEL OF MY BLADE
TIME FOR VENGEANCE.

TIME FOR THAEL, KING OF THE GIANTS, TO TASTE SWEET VENGEANCE!
YAAGH!
I...
...I THOUGHT...
ONE CUT AND YOUR BLOOD FEEDS THE FLAMES...
...AND CALLS TO MANAGARM.
I'LL SEE YOU DEAD FOR THIS.
NAY, CHILD. I AM DEAD INSIDE ALREADY.
NOTHING THAT HAPPENS TO ME AT THIS MOMENT TRULY MATTERS...
...BUT YOU.

...YOU ARE THE HERALD, THE BRINGER OF JUSTICE TO ME AND MY KIND.
FLESH OF HE WHO WRONGED ME.
CHILD OF THE MONSTER WHO TOOK MY WIFE AND CHILD FROM ME.

NO, I...
...WHAT'S HAPPENING...
YOU ARE THE AVATAR, DAUGHTER OF DESTRUCTION.
BY THE GODS, NO.

THROUGH YOU, MANAGARM IS RISEN...
...AND THE RACE OF MAN WILL FALL.
CONCLUDED

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From the Secret History of the Touel'alfar

Managarm has risen. The god of war and vengeance worshipped by the frost giants of Alpinador now walks the icy stretches of a castle suspended high above a treacherous ravine by the demon's dark magic. Managarm has possessed the body and soul of **Elene**, daughter of **Chieftain Byggvir**. So far as the Giant King Thael is concerned, there is a twisted justice in this. It was Byggvir's brutal and merciless slaying of Thael's wife and unborn child that set Thael to the task of bringing together the scattered giant tribes and gathering enough power to raise Managarm.

A DemonWar that will leave all who survive upon the world of Corona firmly under Managarm's control is set to commence. Only five individuals stand a chance of turning away the coming storm of violence and death. They are **Andacanavar**, a young barbarian Ranger raised and trained by the elves, or Touel'alfar, a man whose dream of uniting his superstitious people with those of the outside world is falling apart before his eyes; Chieftain Byggvir, a leader whose hatred of anyone different has cost him nearly everything, yet his rage is now more insane and explosive than ever; **Abbot Greene**, a magic-wielder from the kingdom of Honce-the-Bear and emissary from the corrupt Abellican church; **Moira**, a fellow Abellican and magical adept of near limitless potential who is beginning to see the church for what it is; and **Grave Mungo**, a powrie, or redcap dwarf, a brave but unpredictable fighter who shared a moment with Elene before she was kidnapped and has come in search of her for reasons he will not share with anyone.

Recently escaped from their chains in the dungeon of Managarm's ice fortress, Andacanavar and Moira seek a way of defeating the giants, while Abbot Greene and Chieftain Byggvir face a trio of deformed and insane giants left to guard the lower levels.

Ultimately, the fate of all alive may rest upon the razor's edge of bloodthirsty Grave Mungo's axe… and the hidden desires in his heart.

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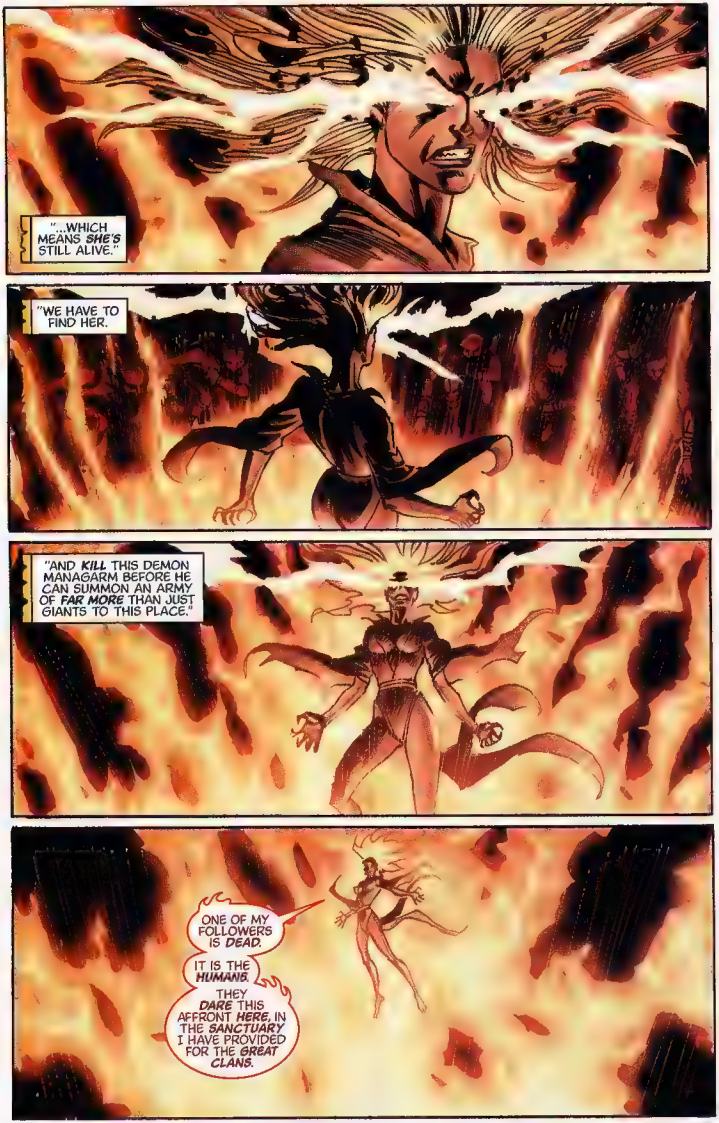
TELL US WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW...
...AND YOU WON'T DIE SCREAMING.
MUCH.
YOU'RE... RUNNING OUT OF TIME.
OUR LORD... OUR GOD... MANAGARM... HAS RISEN.
I CAN... FEEL MANAGARM'S PRESENCE...IN THIS...FORTRESS. HIS HOME.
MAYHAP THAT'S TRUE. BUT HE'S
NOT
HERE
NOW.
I WOULD TALK NOW, IF I WERE YOU. SHE WILL CRUSH YOU TO DEATH AGAINST THAT WALL.
SLOWLY.
I'VE SEEN HER DO FAR WORSE.
PARDON ME...

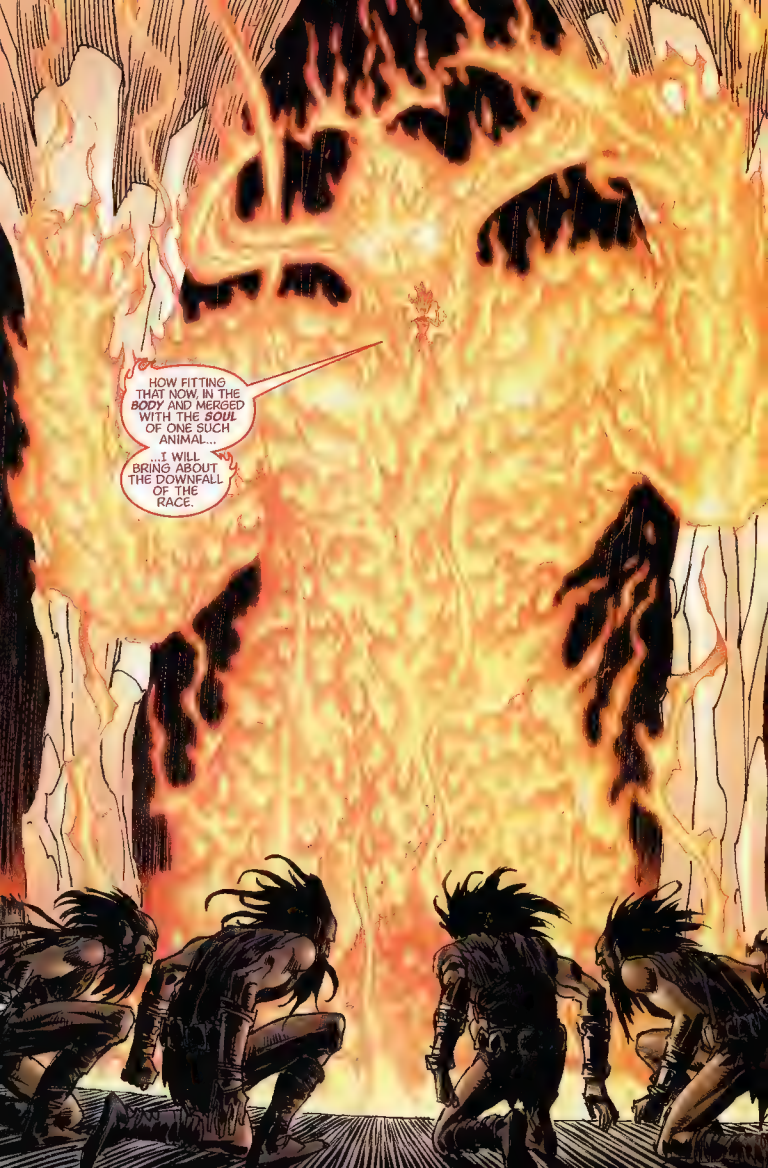
...IT SEEMS GRAVE MUNGO IS ONE STEP AHEAD OF YOU LOT.
LOOKING FOR YOUR WEAPONS, I TAKE IT?
MY THANKS.
SO WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH YOUR NEW FRIEND HERE?
I MEAN, YOU CAN'T VERY WELL LEAVE HIM ALIVE, NOW CAN YOU?
MANAGARM... WILL...AVENGE... ME...
ALL OF HUMANITY... WILL BURN... BEFORE HIS-

GHHH...
...IT WOULD BE YOU...

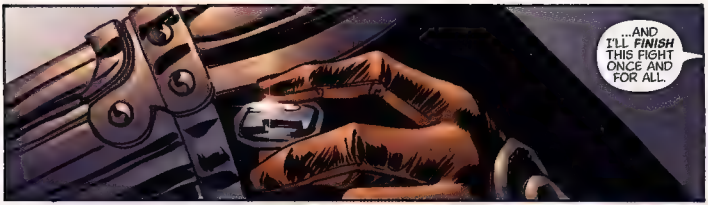
OH, PLEASE.
THWACK

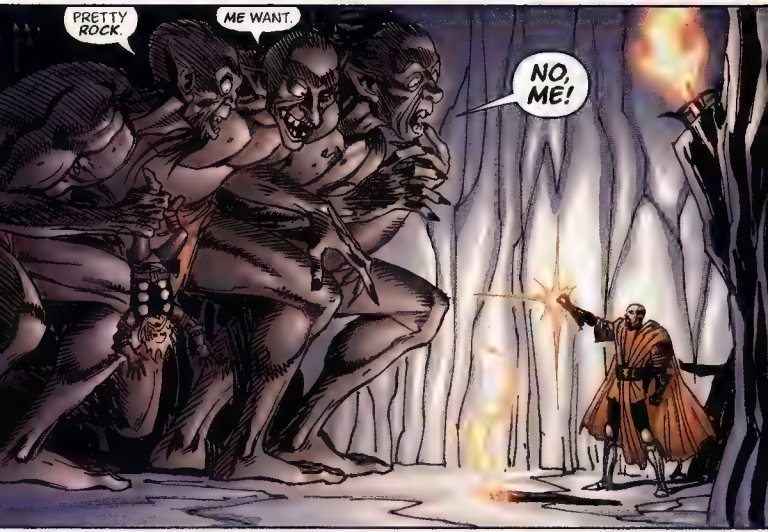
FWUMP
NEED HELP WITH THAT?
I CAN MANAGE.
>HUFF<
>HUFF<
...THAT WAS FOR MY CAP...
WHERE DID YOU FIND ALL THIS?
AH. LET'S SEE. WELL, IT IS TREASURE.
I'D TAKE A WILD GUESS AND SAY THE TREASURE ROOM?
WE'VE NEVER BEEN FORMALLY INTRODUCED.
I'M ANDACANAVAR, THE RANGER. THIS IS MOIRA, OF THE-
SHE AND I HAVE MET.
GRAVE, WHEN YOU WERE IN THAT ROOM, DID YOU SEE A SMALL BAG FILLED WITH GEMSTONES LIKE THIS?
NO. BUT I WASN'T LOOKING FOR IT, EITHER. IT'S SOME DISTANCE, BUT I COULD TAKE YOU THERE-
NO.
THE GIANT SAID MANAGARM HAS RISEN.
WE WERE BEING KEPT ALIVE TO WITNESS SOMETHING TO DO WITH ELENE, CHIEFTAIN BYGGVIR'S DAUGHTER...

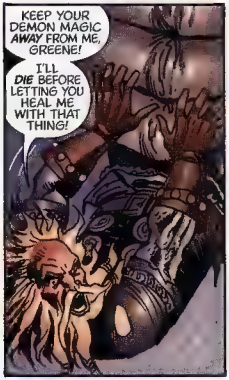

"...WHICH MEANS SHE'S STILL ALIVE."
"WE HAVE TO FIND HER.
"AND KILL THIS DEMON MANAGARM BEFORE HE CAN SUMMON AN ARMY OF FAR MORE THAN JUST GIANTS TO THIS PLACE."
ONE OF MY FOLLOWERS IS DEAD.
IT IS THE HUMANS.
THEY DARE THIS AFFRONT HERE, IN THE SANCTUARY I HAVE PROVIDED FOR THE GREAT CLANS.


HOW FITTING THAT NOW, IN THE BODY AND MERGED WITH THE SOUL OF ONE SUCH ANIMAL...
...I WILL BRING ABOUT THE DOWNFALL OF THE RACE.

"PITY ANY WHO TRY TO STOP ME."
NEW TOYS!
UGH!
KILL YOU!
KILL YOU ALL!
YOU STRONGER ME.
SHAKE THIS ONE.
AH! MAYBE SOMETHING COME LOOSE.
GARRGH!
GOOD, BYGGVIR.
DISTRACT THEM JUST A LITTLE LONGER...


...AND I'LL FINISH THIS FIGHT ONCE AND FOR ALL.


PRETTY ROCK.
ME WANT.
NO, ME!


KEEP YOUR DEMON MAGIC AWAY FROM ME, GREENE!
I'LL DIE BEFORE LETTING YOU HEAL ME WITH THAT THING!

THE HEMATITE CAN DO MORE THAN HEAL...
...IT CAN ALSO SET THE SOUL FREE TO SEE THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS...

...AND TAKE CONTROL OF THEM.

COME HERE, CREATURE...
BY THE WILL OF DANE THORSSON!
-HRK-
SUCH SAVAGERY...
MAYHAP I'VE MISJUDGED YOU, GREENE.
WE'LL... TALK OF IT ANOTHER TIME. NOW WE MUST FIND YOUR DAUGHTER...

"...AND THE OTHERS."

THE POWRIE FIGHTS WELL.
IT'S THAT OR DIE HARD FOR ME TO BE IMPRESSED.

TRY AND SEPARATE ME FROM MY TREASURE, EH?

COME, WRETCHED MONSTERS!
TASTE THE COLD STEEL OF GRAVE MUNGO'S AXE!

THEY JUST KEEP COMING!
AYE, IT'S LIKE THERE'S AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF THEM.

NO, NOT ENDLESS...

...THOUGH ONE DAY, WHEN *YOUR KIND* IS DUST, THEIR NUMBERS WILL BE AS YOURS...
AND THIS WORLD WILL BE *THEIRS* TO RULE...
...FOR ME.

THAT'S BYGGVIR'S DAUGHTER!

ELENE

MANAGARM.
YOU FILTHY, SCURRYING *ANIMALS.*

WHERE IS THIS VESSEL'S *SIRE?*
HERE, CHILD.

MY CHILD A DEMON?
MY SOUL TO YOURS, CREATURE...
AGGHHH!
MANAGARM IS FALLEN!
RUN!
NO, YOU FOOLS!
ELENE...
I TOUCHED THEIR MINDS...
THEIR? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
ELENE IS ALIVE.

THERE IS A TASK SHE MUST PERFORM, A CHOICE SHE MUST MAKE...
...TO CONSECRATE THIS UNION.
UNTIL THAT HAPPENS, THE LINK BINDING HER TO MANAGARM CAN BE BROKEN...
...AND THE MEANS TO DO SO ARE IN THIS KEEP.
THE TOUEL'ALFAR... IN MY DREAM, THEY TRIED TO TELL ME.
"THE LINK BETWEEN THE REAL AND THE UNREAL WORLDS..."
MOIRA, THIS WILL REQUIRE US BOTH. WHEN MY MIND TOUCHED ELENE'S...
...AND THAT OF THAT THING...
...I SAW THE HIDING PLACE OF THE BAG OF GEMSTONES THEY TOOK FROM ME.
WITH THEM, WE MIGHT-
YOU MIGHT KILL THIS THING AND LEVEL THIS GODS' CURSED PLACE.
ANDACANAVAR
I'LL BE HERE...
...I WILL ALWAYS BE HERE FOR YOU.
LITTLE MEN...
WHAT FUN DO YOU HAVE IN STORE FOR ME THIS TIME, LITTLE MEN?

RELEASE HER, DEMON!
AH... YOUR SWORD IS ELVEN-FORGED SILVEREL.
IT STINGS.
Heh.
THIS VESSEL...
...I...
...DESIRED YOU. JOIN WITH ME AND I WILL BE...
...GENEROUS.
SHUT YOUR FILTHY MOUTH AND STAY AWAY FROM HIM. YOU ARE MY DAUGHTER!
YOU WILL DO AS I SAY!
ALL MY LIFE, YOU'VE TREATED ME AS YOUR CHATTEL. A SLAVE.
MANAGARM OFFERS ME POWER. FREEDOM. AND ALL I MUST DO TO JOIN WITH HIM, FOREVER IS TAKE YOUR LIFE...

"...AND I CAN THINK OF NO REASON TO SPARE YOU..."
THE GEMSTONES... ARE HERE?
IN THIS FORTRESS, SOMEWHERE, YES...

I THINK YOU SHOULD KILL HIM.

IN THIS SPOT, MANAGARM WAS SUMMONED BY AN ACT OF VENGEANCE, A GESTURE OF ABSOLUTE DARKNESS.
ONLY AN EQUALLY POWERFUL GESTURE OF ITS OPPOSITE, FORGIVENESS, CAN SEVER ITS LINK TO THIS WORLD.

WHAT?
IF HE'S AS BAD AS ALL THAT, DO IT.
BUT KILL HIM FOR YOURSELF, NOT BECAUSE THAT THING COMMANDS YOU.

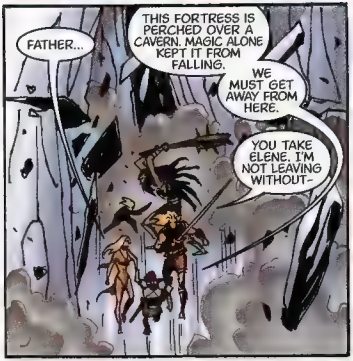
FOR ALL OUR SAKES, I PRAY YOU CAN MAKE THAT GESTURE AND FORGIVE ME...
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING-

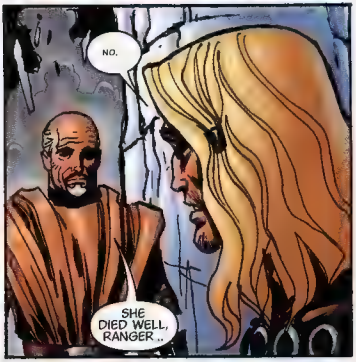
AGH!
...ON THE WAY DOWN.
TAKE MANAGARM'S POWER. DON'T LET A DEMON TAKE YOURS.
OTHERWISE, YOU'LL JUST BE A THRALL EXCHANGING ONE MASTER FOR ANOTHER.
DAMN YOU, CHILD! I AM YOUR FATHER!
NO MORE.
RRUMBLE

NO!
IT'S...
...IT'S GONE. MANAGARM IS-
AYE, ELENE, AND THE PLACE IS FALLING *APART* AS A RESULT.
BYGGVIR! A LITTLE HELP, HERE!
DO AS YOU WILL WITH *HER*. IT'S NO CONCERN OF-
BYGGVIR!

YOU TOOK EVERY-THING FROM ME! YOU SLEW MY WIFE AND CHILD LIKE ANIMALS!
I'D KILL THEM AGAIN!

WE'LL FACE THIS–
LEAVE ME, DEMON.
THIS IS WHAT I WANT.


FATHER...
THIS FORTRESS IS PERCHED OVER A CAVERN. MAGIC ALONE KEPT IT FROM FALLING.
WE MUST GET AWAY FROM HERE.
YOU TAKE ELENE. I'M NOT LEAVING WITHOUT–


NO.
SHE DIED WELL, RANGER..

...SHE DIED TO SAVE US ALL...
"...DON'T LET HER SACRIFICE BE FOR NOTHING."

IT'S OVER, GREENE.
CHIEFTAIN BYGGVIR DIDN'T EVEN *TRY* TO SAVE HIMSELF.
WE ALL MAKE *CHOICES*, RANGER.
THE GIANTS MADE THEIRS.
BYGGVIR MADE *HIS*.

THE GIANTS HAVE FLED. AND THE OTHERS...
INDEED. THE *OTHERS*...

I TRIED TO TALK ELENE, YOUR FELLOW ALPINADORAN, OUT OF IT.
BUT YOU SAW FOR YOURSELF, SHE HAD NO INTENTION OF RETURNING HOME.
I HAD HOPED FOR THE UNION BETWEEN MY FAITH AND YOUR PEOPLE, LED BY HER, AND PERHAPS ONE DAY-
MOIRA.
YES.
MOIRA, HER BODY CANNOT BE RETRIEVED. IT IS LOST...

"...WITH SO MANY OTHER THINGS."
WHERE DO WE GO?
SOMEPLACE, WARM, I THINK. THERE ARE LANDS WHERE PEOPLE KNOW NOTHING OF MY KIND.
AND I WISH TO BE AS FAR FROM HERE AS POSSIBLE.
AGREED.
BUT HOW WILL WE LIVE? I KNOW LITTLE OF OTHER LANDS, BUT I'VE READ THAT MOST ARE HOSTILE TO OUTSIDERS.
CLINK
THE ABELLICAN GEMSTONES...
HOW WILL WE LIVE? WITH A TREASURE LIKE THIS IN OUR POCKETS?
QUITE WELL, I WOULD IMAGINE.
HA HA HA HA
The End

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A Traveler's G

Timeline

600

God's Year 621 — The gemstones fall from the heavens

770

God's Year 769 — Andacanavar is born

God's Year 777 — Andacanavar begins training with the elves

780

790

God's Year 790 — Andacanavar returns to his people as a Ranger

TRIAL BY FIRE *(Miniseries One)*
God's Year 792 — Andacanavar is 23

800

THE DEMON AWAKENS *(Book One)*
God's Year 816 — The Demon Dactyl rises and Avelyn Desbris enters the Abellican Order

820

God's Year 821 — The gemstones fall from the heavens

God's Year 825 — The Demon Dactyl is presumed destroyed with Mt. Aida

THE DEMON SPIRIT *(Book Two)*
God's Year 825 — The battle against the Demon Dactyl is rejoined

THE DEMON APOSTLE *(Book Three)*
God's Years, late 825 to 826 — The Demon Dactyl is destroyed at tragic cost *(Andacanavar is involved in the conflict)*

MORTALIS *(Book Four)*

830

God's Years 827 to 834 — The Rosy Plague *(during which Andacanavar convinces his people to fight beside the forces of Honce-the-Bear and to accept the healing magic of the Hand of Avelyn)*

840

ASCENDANCE *(Book Five)*
God's Year 840 — Jilseponie becomes Queen and her wedding is attended by 71-year-old Andacanavar

GLOSSARY

Abellicans — The spiritual followers of Saint Abelle. Members of an austere religious order that gather the magical gemstones that fall from the sky every 200 years and wield their power. Despite their monk-like robes and seemingly passive demeanor, Abellicans are trained for combat and conditioned to endure harsh physical rigors.

Abellican Order — The order's public face is benevolent, but in its highest ranks the order is rife with ambition, corruption, and murder. The vast majority of their followers are unaware of the faith's darker side. The Abellican Order holds great power in the kingdom of Honce-the-Bear.

Alpinadorans — A fierce Norse-like people rooted in tradition and suspicious of all those outside Alpinador's borders. The hard and brutal Alpinadorans, who resemble Vikings, worship a pantheon of gods and believe all magic is evil. They live in the frozen inhospitable lands north of Honce-the-Bear.

Andur'Blough Inninness — Also known as the Valley of Mist, Home of the mysterious and secretive Touel'alfar (elves), located in the mountains west of the Wilderlands. The mists enshrouding the valley are magical in nature and maintained to keep away the curious.

Corona — A world besieged by demonwars. The setting for our tales.

Frost Giants — A once proud, accomplished race whose civilization has been destroyed by Alpinadorans. Driven into the mountains of Alpinador, they have been on the verge of extinction due to lack of food and shelter. Their worship of the demon Managarm has put these angry people into a position of power to seek vengeance against humanity. Also known as fomorians.

Gemstone Magic — This form of magic comes from stones that fall onto one island on Corona every 200 years. Each gemstone has a different power. For example, hematite can heal, while rubies create fire, and graphite sends lightning bolts.

Managarm — A true lesser fiend, Managarm is the demon lord of war and vengeance worshipped by the Frost Giants. He is represented by a wolf-like symbol because the wolves are the one predator the giants fear and respect. Managarm and his followers command dark earth elemental magic.

Powries — The red-capped dwarfs of the Weathered Isles. Traditionally, they are known to serve only their own selfish interests. Using barrel boats, they attack other ships in the Mirianic Ocean. The powries are great fighters. By dipping their red caps in the blood of their victims, they gain enhanced strength and fortitude.

Rangers — Humans trained by the elves to protect the many lands of Corona, inform the elves of problems, and ensure justice for innocents. They are usually selected by elves as children and trained for eight to ten years.

Touel'alfar — The elves. They stand approximately three feet tall, and they are slender with golden-hued skin and wings that can be used to fly short distances. The elves usually remain apart from the rest of the world except in their practice of recruiting and training human Rangers. Their magic is natural and comes from all things good in nature. They are excellent craftspeople and use silverel to make bows and swords for the rangers.

Weathered Isles — The home of the powries. A group of stony islands where no crops can grow, forcing the powries to act as pirates and raiders for their needs. This is where Grave's home, Ben-Se-La, is located.